

The Sky Line Trail

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VOL. 6 No. 24
OCTOBER 1939



Rampart on Mount Brachiopod
Photo by Nicholas Morant

*Official Organ of the
Sky Line Trail Hikers
of the Canadian Rockies.*

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Ptarmigan Valley Camp, 1939

The memories of the Ptarmigan Valley Sky Line Camp will long remain with those who were fortunate enough to attend it. The attendance was the largest on record, with forty-nine who actually slept in camp, even if it was only for a night. The weather was typical of the altitude (over 7,000 feet), with plenty of sunshine and cool nights. One night was definitely wintry, but there was an ample supply of blankets, and all signs of snow quickly disappeared in the morning.

The percentage of Canadians this year was larger than usual (a dozen in all) and we had one English visitor whose accent was always a delight to hear. Two other English climbers from Skoki Lodge paid us a welcome visit on our first evening in camp and entertained us with Bavarian and Czech folksongs.

Mount Temple Lodge of the Ski Club of the Canadian Rockies offered a pleasant break on the first day's hike. Mrs. Cliff White is an accomplished hostess, and the luncheon she served was one to be remembered. At the Sky Line

Camp itself the catering was well up to the standard set on previous years by Bert Hall, who unfortunately for us had another engagement himself.

The Ptarmigan Hut is an excellent centre for hiking, with a good variety of trails suitable alike for the easy going and for the ambitious. One young hiker who carried a pedometer claimed that she registered twenty-two miles in one day, but most of the hikers were content with an average of ten. Skoki Lodge proved to be a popular objective, and those who went to

Redoubt found the trip thrilling to the last degree.

The unexpectedly large attendance created a problem in regard to the transport of duffle on the last day, but fortunately it all came down before the break up of the

Pow Wow, and for this thanks are due to Cliff White, whose little truck broke all records on the new Government road.

Below is the list of those who took part in the Ptarmigan Valley Sky Line Camp:

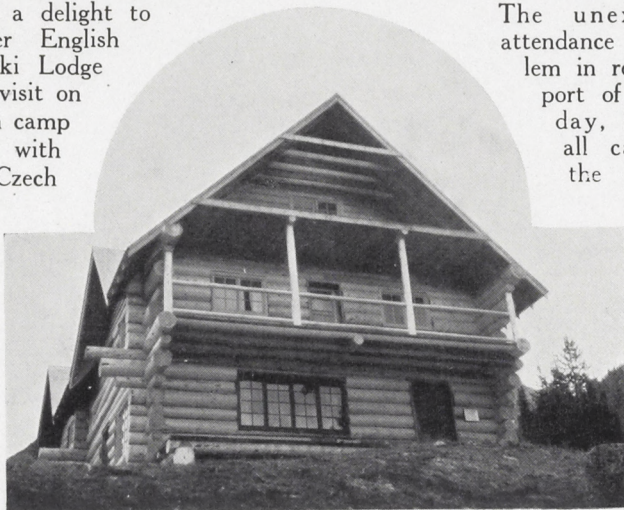


Photo by Cliff White

Mount Temple Lodge

W. L. Allen
Elisabeth Booz
Harold L. Blakeslee
Robert Blakeslee
June Brewster
Rev. Ruth S. Conant
Maxwell Coplan
Anna Cran
Marshall H. Diverty
Mrs. Diverty
Jane Diverty
Mrs. W. F. Fee
George Fisher
Lawrence Fuller
Mrs. Lawrence Fuller
J. M. Gibbon
Mrs. Gordon
Margot Gordon
Dr. Robert Gow
Mrs. Beatrice Hamilton
Charles Heideman
Nora Helliwell
E. P. Holmes
Norman Hull
Jack MacDonald
Jean Hembroff MacDonald
Dan McCowan

Marion, Montana
Washington, Pa.
New Haven, Conn.
New Haven, Conn.
Banff, Alta.
Boston, Mass.
New York City.
Winnipeg, Man.
Woodbury, N.J.
Woodbury, N.J.
Woodbury, N.J.
Vittoria, Ont.
Canmore, Alta.
Calgary, Alta.
Calgary, Alta.
Montreal, Que.
Whonock, B.C.
Whonock, B.C.
Banff, Alta.
Golden, B.C.
Chicago, Ill.
Winnipeg, Man.
Calgary, Alta.
Montreal, Que.
Winnipeg, Man.
Winnipeg, Man.
Banff, Alta.

Mrs. Mary McCowan
Lt.-Col. P. A. Moore
Edmee Moore
Nicholas Morant
Mrs. Nicholas Morant
R. H. Palenske
Mrs. J. Dean Robinson
Peggy Robinson
F. W. Rolston
Mrs. F. W. Rolston
Carl Rungius
N. B. Sanson
Molly Sayers
Mrs. James Simpson
Betsy Struthers
Eva Wade
Major W. J. Selby Walker
Sam Ward
Mrs. Sam Ward
J. M. Wardle
Dorothy Wardle
Mrs. A. O. Wheeler
John Wheeler
Peter Whyte
Mrs. Catherine Whyte

Banff, Alta.
Banff, Alta.
Banff, Alta.
Montreal, Que.
Montreal, Que.
Chicago, Ill.
Banff, Alta.
Banff, Alta.
Hamilton, Ont.
Hamilton, Ont.
Banff and New York
Banff, Alta.
London, England.
Banff, Alta.
Calgary, Alta.
Edmonton, Alta.
Calgary, Alta.
Banff, Alta.
Banff, Alta.
Ottawa, Ont.
Ottawa, Ont.
Sidney, B.C.
Sidney, B.C.
Banff, Alta.
Banff, Alta.

*George Fisher entertains a
select group.*
Photo by Carl Rungius.

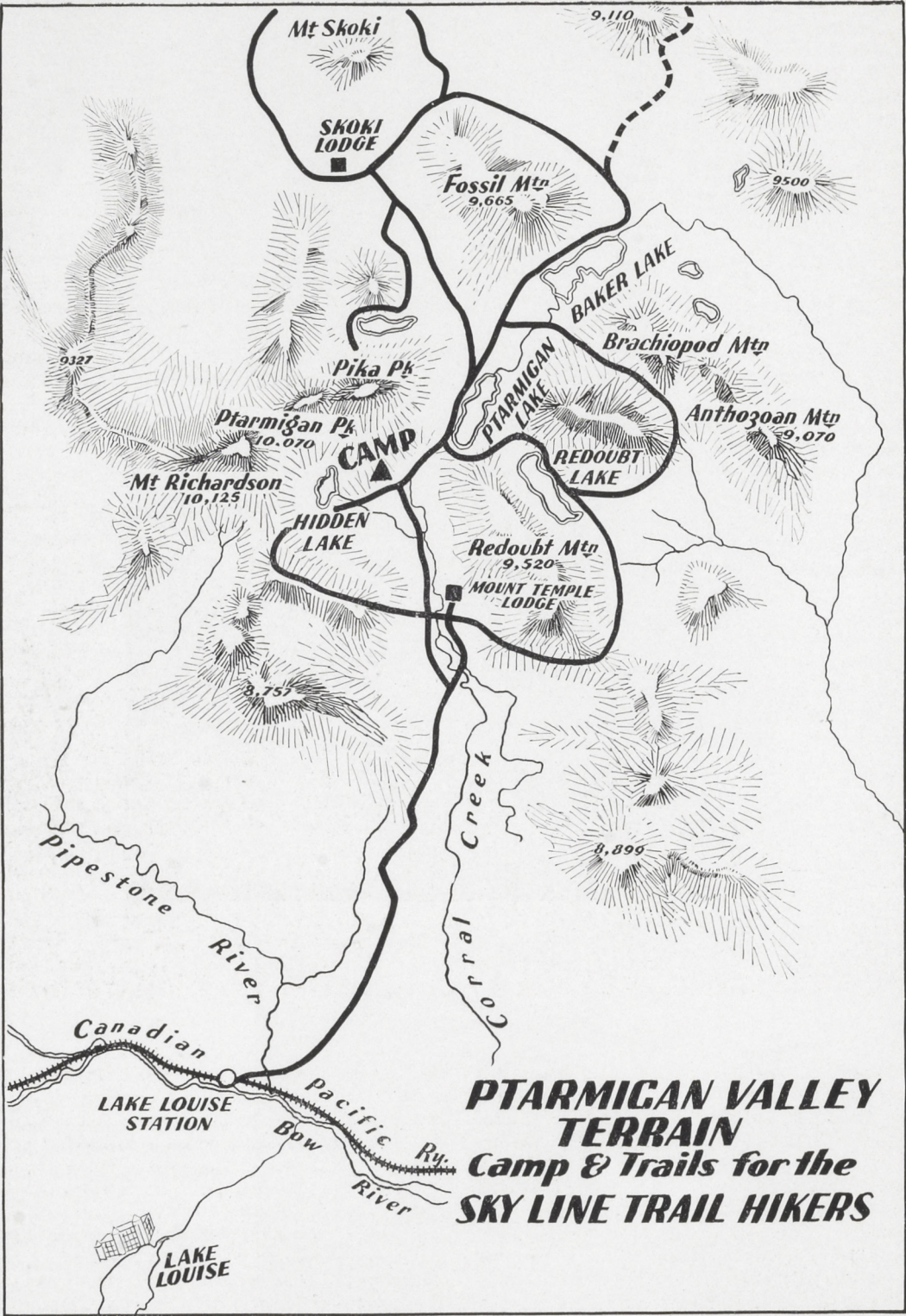


*Above: — North end of
camp with Mount Richard-
son as background.*

Photo by Nicholas Morant.

Left: — The Grub Tent.

Photo by Carl Rungius.



A Chapter About Redoubt

by Dan McCowan, F. Z. S.

One of the great charms of the Canadian Rockies consists not only in an impressive array of snow peaks and glaciers but also in an immense number of fine lakes. Some of these, such as Louise and O'Hara are of course world famous; others like Scarab and Sawback and Shadow, tucked away in remote secluded glens, are seldom seen save by Wardens and Waterfowl. In a high corrie at the head of the valley called Ptarmigan, where Red Grouse snip the heather buds, lies a lonely tarn that is known as Redoubt, but which to fisher lads is the Lochan of the Large Brown Trout. Few people, except brothers of the angle and the ski, are lured to this quiet cloister, and only curt reference is made to it in guide books dealing with the region.

and coffee hung in the ambient morning air as we slowly ascended the heights above the camp. Making frequent halts, ostensibly to admire the glorious panorama of lofty peaks, but in reality for a breather, we had opportunity to do a little botanizing en route. Motoring in the Rockies, the plant lover is perplexed and tantalized by a fleeting glimpse of what may have been an Arnica or an Artichoke; likewise in Trail Riding the collector of plants is frequently forestalled by the horse. Hiking has none of these disadvantages, the foot traveler being able to stand and stare in leisurely manner.

On Ptarmigan Pass there was a great congregation of Hellebore, a robust plant which



The Lone Tree, Ptarmigan Pass.

Photo by J. M. Wardle

But the Sky Line Hikers had long planned a visit to this neighbourhood and to the small lake called Redoubt. Thus, on a bright morning in August the resident Marmots and visiting Rosy Finches saw a large group of earnest people, bearing alpenstocks, cameras and food, wending its way towards Ptarmigan pass, the altitude of which is something or other above sea level, important perhaps to a geographer or a pack horse, but immaterial to an enthusiastic Hiker with day at the dawn.

Dewy diamonds sparkled on the flaxen tresses of the Anemones and a lingering odour of bacon

has a green flower and whose noxious foliage, browsed by saddle horses and pack ponies, promotes a chronic lethargy from which these beasts of burden seldom willingly recover. Here also was abundance of Lousewort, a jolly little flower with a libellous name. It is said that if a sheep habitually nibbles this plant the wool will become verminous, so perhaps that is the reason why a Rocky Mountains Sheep wears a hair shirt in place of a genuine fleece coat. The well developed root of Lousewort is reputed to be more or less edible, tasting somewhat like a hybrid carrot.

Reaching the summit of the Pass we were immediately confronted by Ptarmigan Lake. This body of water, poised on a high plateau, contains large numbers of diffident trout but is not particularly colourful and is therefore less expensive to photograph than say Emerald or Moraine Lakes. In fact Nicholas Morant regards it as a mere accessory in a group photograph of alpenstocks and their owners. Skirting the north shore of this lake the party took time out to interview a Ptarmigan and her chicks, then almost as large as their Mother. These birds are confirmed hikers, covering much greater distances on foot than in the air. When we saw this covey the individuals were barefoot; by the time this chapter is written they will all be equipped with feathery overshoes and gaiters enabling them to stroll about in a nonchalant manner when otherwise they would be fretting about chillblains and similar souvenirs of the winter season. On a long green slope above the lake shore a fat Marmot waddled about, collecting dry grass for bedding, a non-stopping

work, to sniff suspiciously of the hikers tramping across his hay meadow. This same slope in winter and early spring carries an immense covering of snow and is then greatly favoured by a host of ardent ski runners.

From Ptarmigan Lake to Lake Redoubt the route is over an open moor, the distance varying from one to two miles, according to physical condition and will power. On this sun-drenched upland numerous insects were taking tribute from heather, harebells and hikers. A pair of Marsh Hawks coursing back and forth eagerly scanned the hillsides in search of prey. There were also many Pipits in evidence, small birds of the Wagtail type who spend much leisure time, and energy, in bobbing up and down on a boulder.

Reaching Redoubt we spent some time in watching the trout cruising lazily around the grassy margin of the mere. In these wide open waters a trout can have little privacy, there being no leafy shrubs or trees yielding shade nor overhanging banks giving covert. Spending almost

nine months of the year under ice and snow, in a dim twilight and in intensely cold water, the fishes in Redoubt doubtless welcome the summer, glad then to swim in the shallows and in the grateful sunlight. Near its southern end the lake spills over a rocky brim and immediately cascades down a terraced cliff in a series of fine spun falls. The rocks on both sides of this tumbling brook were beautifully cushioned with vivid green moss upon which fairies doubtless dance minuets when the moon is full and the waterfalls are all in tune.

There was nothing fairylike about our appetites nor about the good honest sandwiches which presently served for lunch. Tramping on Sky Line Trails promotes a hunger fit for Kings of the Sea and thus, for the nonce, little conversation passed amongst the group of hikers nestling in the lee of a rock bluff and basking in noon day



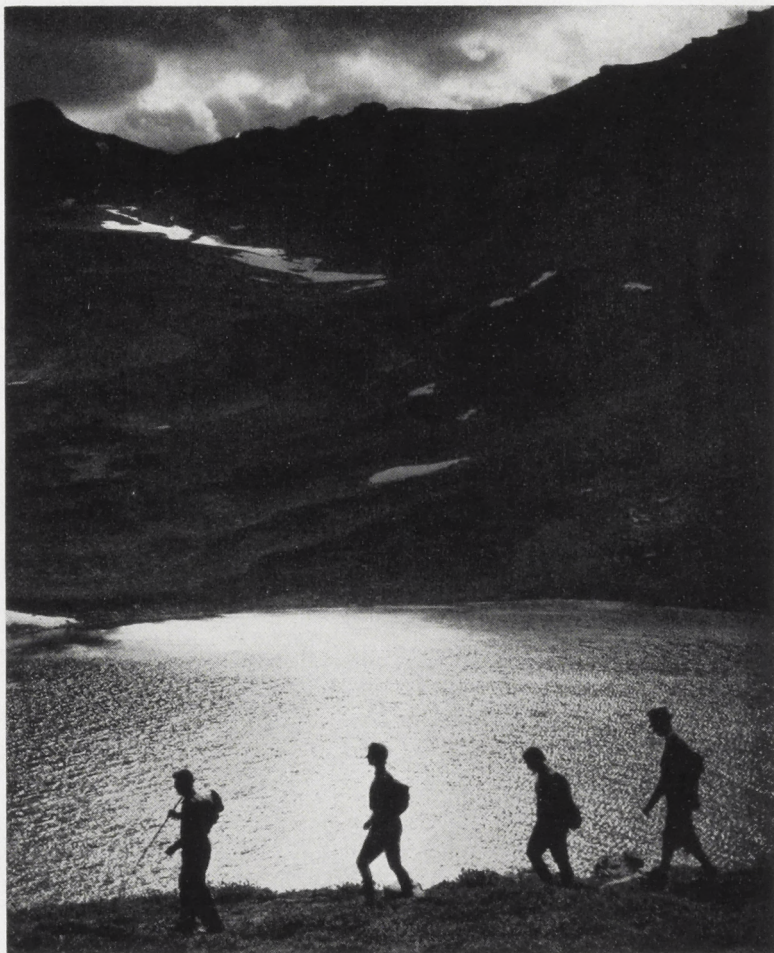
sunshine. In a fine green parkland far below, where Larches stood in solitary state, the placid surface of a little pond was ruffled by many waterfowl plashing contentedly in peaceful sanctuary. Nearby a great flat slab of weathered limestone served as playground to a family of young Marmots. On this smooth flagstone they romped and wrestled with much zest and in great freedom, there being apparently no menacing Eagles nesting in the neighbourhood. In marshy places on the moor large masses of snowy white sedge were trembling in the fitful gusts of wind sweeping untrammelled over hill and dale. Veronica and Saxifrage were growing here, also a tiny Alpine Arnica, scarce strong enough to carry the weight of a Bumble Bee.

The sun goes soon from Redoubt Lake, a huge mountain towering overhead casting a bulky shadow on its waters by mid-afternoon. Up there the unsunned air spaces chill rapidly, and thus we shouldered rucksacks again and turned our faces towards camp. On the return

journey, descending a long steep ramp of hard packed snow, remnant of a giant drift, we came quickly to the head of Ptarmigan Pass, and then detoured by way of a wide and airy balcony on Fossil Mountain to the rock-strewn shores of Hidden Lake. Hereabouts small feathery Larch trees sigh in the wind, and the calling of countless ground-squirrels disturbs the solitude. There are also great gardens of wild flowers in this little glen and the fragrance of Heliotrope and Wood Nymph, of Sweet Androsace and Mountain Rhododendron is very grateful. Presently we re-entered the green aisles of Spruce and Pine, and near the close of a delightful day came again to the clearing where the tents were pitched. In the gathering twilight many wood fires flickered on the canvas walls of our wilderness lodges, and the incense of wood smoke hung in the cool night air. It was good for us to be here on a Sky Line Hiking Holiday, and we talked of the days adventure till the embers died and the stars were bright in the firmament.

A NARROW ESCAPE

The numerous friends of Nicholas Morant will be glad to hear that he is reported as well on his way to recovery from the injuries he received late in September at the claws of a grizzly bear. The adventure appears to have occurred on an expedition to Daly Glacier to investigate possibilities for summer skiing. Accompanied by the Swiss Guide, Christian Haasler, Nick came across a grizzly with her cub. As the bear made for them, both men took to trees. Christian was caught by the leg and hauled down, so Nick climbed down to the rescue, only to be himself attacked in turn. Both were severely mauled, but were able to reach the hospital at Banff with the aid of a rescue party from Field. Nick is recognized as one of Canada's outstanding photographers, and we all hope he will be with us on the trail again another year.



Hidden Lake.

Photo by Nicholas Morant.



On the shore of Ptarmigan Lake.

Photo by Nicholas Morant.



Boulder Pass.

Photo by Nicholas Morant.



Shore of Redoubt Lake.



On a ridge above Redoubt Lake.

Photos by Nicholas Morant.

The Hike To Skoki

by Jean Hembroff MacDonald

Our third morning in Ptarmigan Valley camp did not dawn particularly bright, but as I lifted the tent flap and squinted out, I could see it was definitely *white*. Down went the flap, and down went I into my warm bed-roll. "Oh dear, it's like a cocoon in here. Do I have to wriggle out? I don't feel at all like becoming a butterfly."

"This ought to help you out of the chrysalis stage in a hurry!" replied Mr. Mac. dousing my face with a cupful of icy Corral Creek water. "The path to the cook house looks like Times Square. Hurry up! You're going to be late."

The echo of my stifled gasp had barely died away before I was out of the tent, fully dressed, my teeth chattering like a super-super food chopper.

"What you need to shove between those teeth," called my neighbours Frank and Jean Rolston, "is a piece of Huckleberry Pie."

"Huckleberry pie! Where can I get it?" I chattered.

"We had it at Skoki Camp yesterday. It was wonderful".

"Sounds good to me, but right now I'm headed for a bowl of porridge."

Porridge, bacon and eggs with flapjacks worked wonders with me in no time at all, but back in my subconscious mind the huckleberry pie must have lurked, for when it was announced that Mr. Diverty was leading a party to Skoki, I was among the first to join.

The starting of the hikers that morning will be preserved for posterity by the pictures taken by our good old photographer "Nick." One, by one, we passed him, Alpine stock in hand, smiles upon our faces, and our feet moving so energetically, that had the pace continued we would

have ample time in our four days to have hiked up every mountain slope in the Rockies.

Dan McCowan was taking a party to Redoubt, and as the trail to Skoki started off in the same direction we Skoki Goers filled up the gaps in the line. Dan's cane became a magic wand as he pointed to, named, and told intimate little life stories about every growing thing we passed. Heliotrope, Moss Campion, Purple Flebane, Anemones shaking their silken busbies like King George's men, and two little plants I shall never forget — the little blue Forget-Me-Not, and the purple Mountain Heath. As I looked at them growing side by side I wondered if God had not planted them there to keep Scotsmen from being lonely for their Scottish moors. There was a slight wind, the Forget-Me-Nots fluttered and seemed to say, "We are placed here beside your heather lest you forget."

Now and again Dan's cane would sweep through the air like an artist's brush; he would point to peaks in the distance and tell us of their wonders. The cane pointed to a rock close-by. Dan spoke quietly one word—"Ptarmigan!" We were all interested. After all they had a valley named after them, and loving that valley, we wanted to meet and love them too. Unafraid, poised, these little creatures of the mountains displayed their faith in man. Had I been a Ptarmigan I should have been terrified at the noise made by fifteen pair of hob-nailed shoes and fifteen voices.

The dividing paths came. Mr. Diverty, alias "Bluebell," named for his blue checked shirt, took charge of the "Skoki Seekers." Up we hiked. The grassy slope, the warm sunshine, the friendly marmots, (who by the way, took a great liking to Molly and her chocolate) the



*A cool morning at
Ptarmigan Valley camp.*

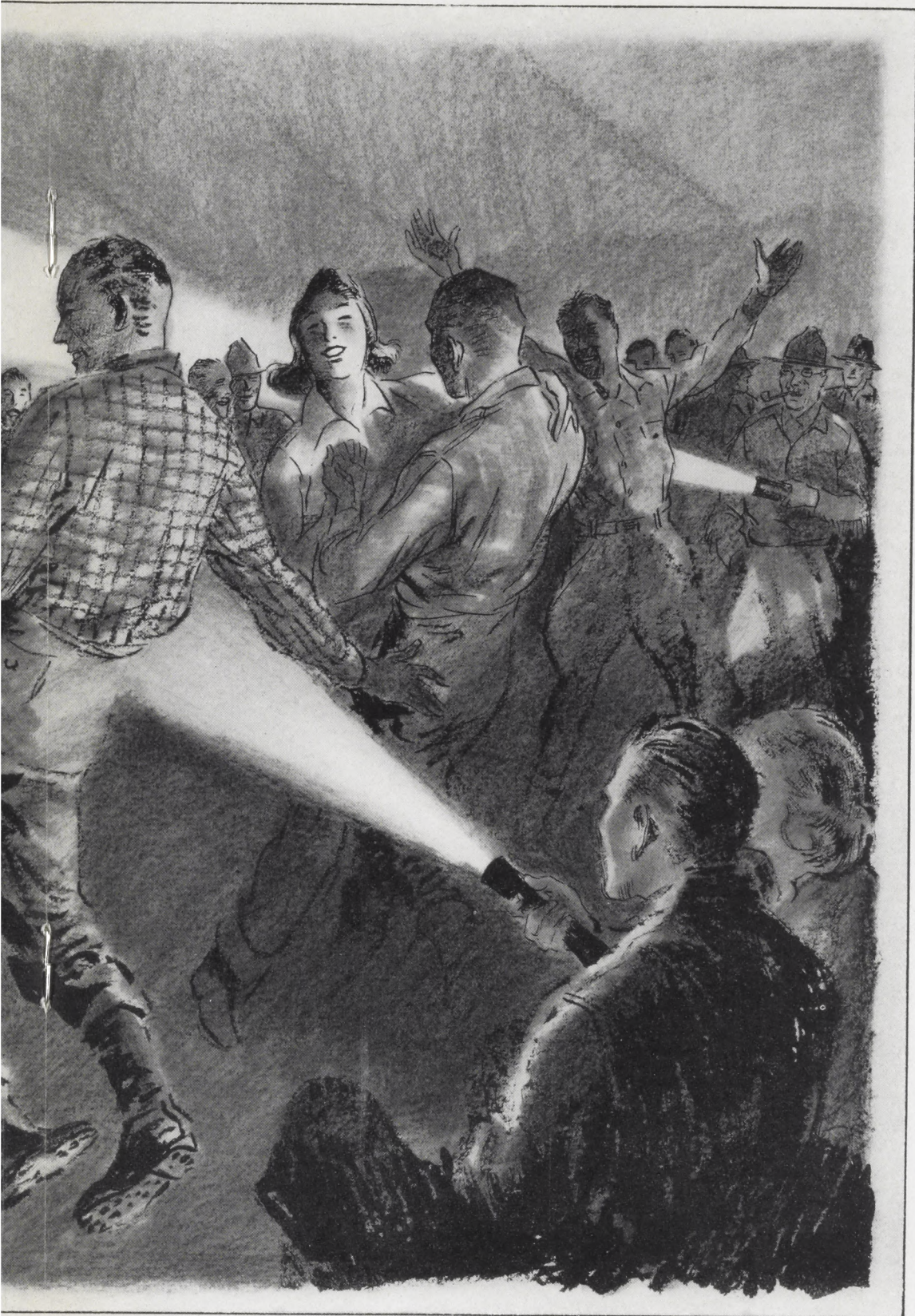
Photo by Marshall H. Diverty.



Looking into Skoki.

Photo by Marshall H. Diverty.





chatter and laughter of hiking companions, all united to make the climb an easy and pleasant one. We had been moving along for some time when Bluebell, at the head of the line, stopped, turned, and looked back down the slope to Ptarmigan valley. One by one we joined him. Just as I was about to turn and look, I remembered what had happened to Lot's wife. I hesitated, but by this time I heard "Oh's" and "Ah's" of wonder and delight. I turned. The scene was so beautiful, that had I turned into a pillar of salt I can think of no finer place to have done so. One would need to stand for days to see and absorb all the beauty of that picture.

"We are almost at the summit of Deception Pass," called Betty and Jane, "you haven't seen anything yet, Come on!"

Remembering we would return this way and have the scene before us, I gathered my pack and stock and started upward. The summit was reached. Little brown bags appeared; we were thankful for them; they offered a very legitimate excuse to sit and feast upon the view. Glistening far below were two lakes. No Chinese Emperor ever possessed two more lovely bits of jade. A waterfall was tumbling from the heights above down into the lakes. One imagined it had great news to tell, it fell so eagerly into those two jewel boxes.

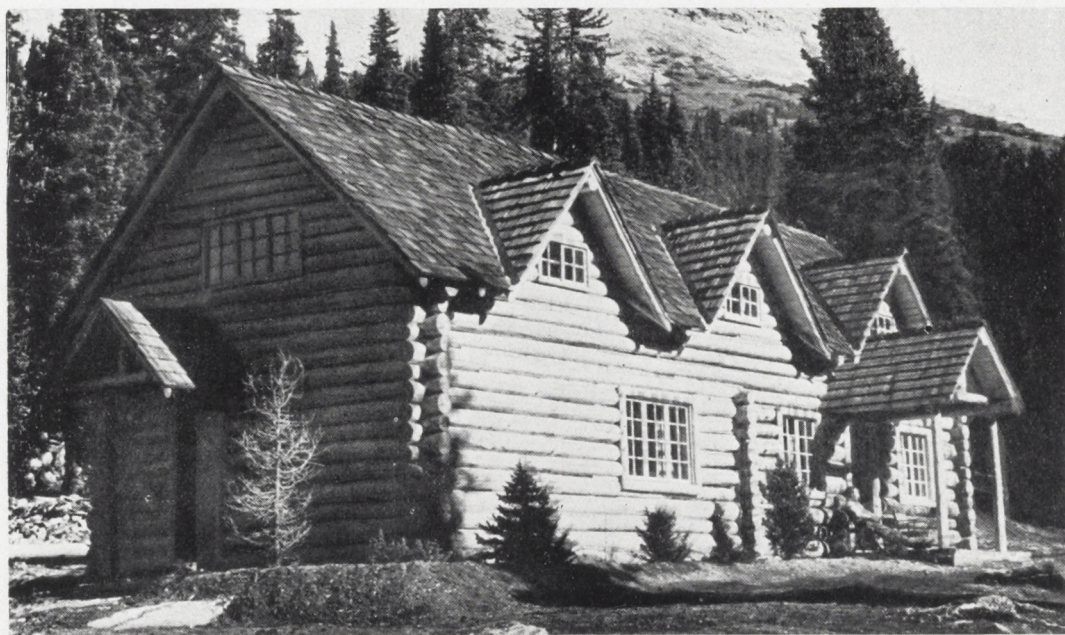
Someone looked ahead and our attention was drawn to a bright red roof nestled among green trees. "That's Skoki!" A goal is a great thing to have—had I not had one that day I should have sat there on Deception Pass until . . . well, who knows!

One to our goal we went. The way was easy, winding around, down, down, until we found ourselves in a green valley with a stream tumbling over itself like a puppy to give us a welcome. We crossed the stream, stepping lightly and quickly on large stones. I had crossed a stream the previous day and had stepped heavily and slowly — my shoes were still wet!

I know how Hansel and Gretel felt when they came to the Candy and Cookie house in the forest. Skoki Lodge was like a fairy house to me. The big door opened so easily, the blazing and crackling fire was so happy, the furnishings were so colourful, the Huckleberry pie was SO good, that at this minute, miles away, I am still marvelling at Skoki!

On the return trip Sam Ward asked for volunteers to go back by way of the two jade lakes. I took a look at the proposed jaunt. It would be exciting, but I had promised myself a last look at Ptarmigan valley from the pass. I wanted to keep that promise to myself. The two lakes were christened that afternoon. One was called Jade, the other Betsy-Ann, after the two daring good sports who accompanied Sam. Mrs. Ward, I thought, had the faith of Ptarmigan. She never worried a moment over Sam scaling the slopes with Betty and Anna. Hundreds would!

Camp again—It was nice to be back—and it is going to be pleasant to look back on the summer of 1939 in Ptarmigan Valley Camp and the hike to Skoki!

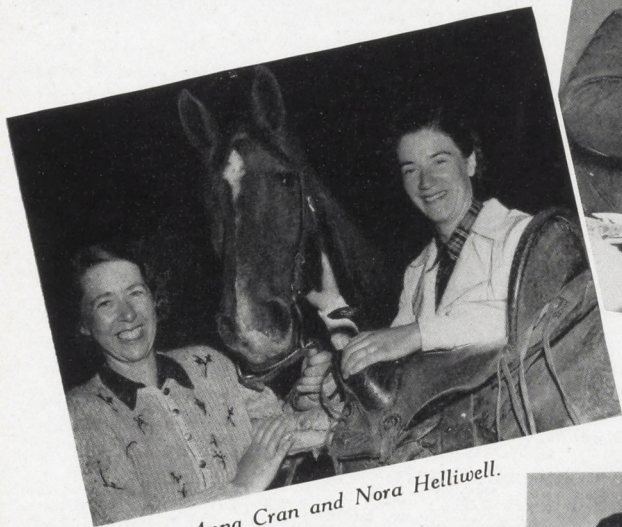


Skoki Lodge.

Photo by Cliff White

Right: — Mrs. A. O. Wheeler and Miss Wade.

Below: — Jack Macdonald and Ruth Conant.



Anna Cran and Nora Helliwell.



F. W. Rolston and Mrs. Sam Ward.



Dan McCowan and J. M. Wardle.



Mrs. A. O. Wheeler and Mrs. Beatrice Hamilton.

Clouds and Storms in The Canadian Rockies

by A. O. Wheeler F.R.G.S.

(Mr. A. O. Wheeler, our Hon. Vice-President, had intended to come to the Pow Wow, but was unavoidably prevented from attending. However he sent a message of goodwill through Mrs. Wheeler, together with the text of a talk he had prepared. As we were so late in starting the Pow Wow, it was decided not to read it there but to print it in the Bulletin.)

* * * *

Although I have not been able to take part in the camp, I know the valley and its surroundings well, for, as far back as 1906, I mapped the locality for the Dominion Government, and then placed some of the names of today: Ptarmigan Peak, Pika Peak, Mt. Redoubt.

Much has been said and written about the botany, the animal life and the birds of the Canadian Rocky Mountains, but not so much about its meteorological features, and I thought a few practical experiences of my own might not come amiss. It is up on the heights that outstanding meteorological phenomena are met with. Strange to say, they have for the most part to do with clouds.

Warm winds from the Pacific Ocean travelling eastward carry clouds saturated with moisture. When they come to the lofty Selkirk Range, they are forced upwards and, cooling in that process, deposit the greater part of their moisture on the western slopes, which falls either as snow or rain and accounts for the luxurious, semi-tropical forest growth and dense tangle of under growth, alder, devil's-club, skunk cabbage and bracken there found. Winters' snowfall at the summit of the range have been recorded as from 35—50 feet and an annual precipitation up to 120 inches.

The inclement weather of the Selkirks was always a serious detriment at Glacier House when that popular and beautiful resort of the Canadian Pacific Railway was visited in the earlier days of the Railway. In those early days a Minute Book was kept, where guests of the hotel recorded their impressions of the locality. Looking over it one wet day, I saw a pathetic note by one who had been waiting a week to climb Mt. Sir Donald. He wrote:

"First it rained and then it snow,
"And then it friz, and then it thaw,
"And then it fogged, and then it blew,
"And, very shortly after—then,
"It rained and snow, and friz and thaw,
"And fogged and blew again.

The moisture laden clouds that deposit the bulk of their precipitation on the western slopes

of the Selkirks reach the Main Range in a much drier form and are seen over the higher peaks in these wonderful creations of white cumulus cloud that are the delight of photographers. Streamers of cloud will string out from the summit of a high peak all day long. When that happened at Glacier House, the Swiss Guides would say: "Ha! Ole Sir Donell, he smoke him pipe!"

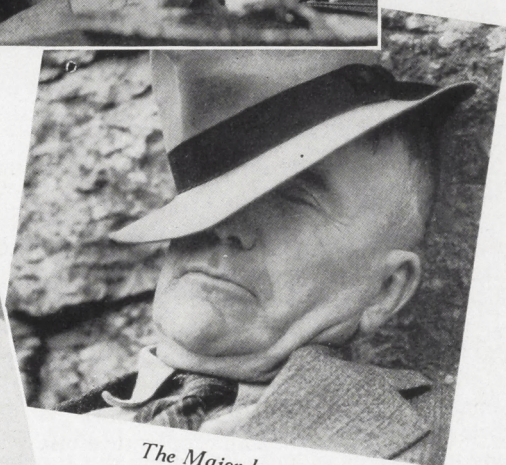
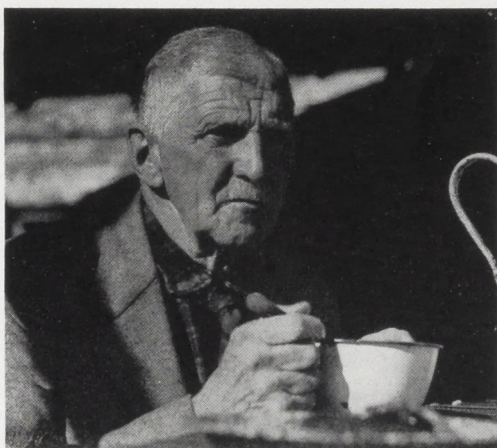
But it is not always so simple. Sometimes clouds highly charged with electricity come along and, if you happen to be in one, you hear the rocks buzz-z-z and your ice axe will buzz in a minor key. You will feel a tingling sensation all over, and if you uncover your head your hair will stand straight up on end. Do not then touch anything or you may get a sharp shock. On one of the high hills not very far up the Bow River Valley from where we now are, I was reading angles of direction with my mountain transit when an electric cloud came along. Everything was buzzing in a different key. Foolishly I put out my hand to turn a screw of my transit. As I touched it I received a blow on the head that knocked me to my knees. Why on my head I cannot say, except that I had a cloth cap on with a metal button in the centre.

We have all experienced terrifying crashes of thunder directly overhead following intense forked lightning. Imagine being in the midst of such a thunder cloud. Twice I have experienced it. The first time on Tornado Peak, a massif of the High Rock Range down near Crow's Nest Pass. With my party I was busy photographing and doing transit work for mapping. It was a bright sunny day but in the distance lightning was flashing, thunder growling and evidently a storm approaching. The summit was not very roomy, so I said to my boys, "Here's where we get off the top." We climbed down some thirty feet to a shale ledge and sat down to await developments. There was not long to wait: a crash of thunder and a bolt of lightning struck the rocks forty feet away and knocked fragments and dust into the air. One of my assistants sprang up and clapped his hands behind him, saying, "Oh Lord!" We knew what had happened, for the whole top of the mountain had been electrified and each had received a severe shock at the point of contact. I pulled my coat over my head and thought, "This is the end". But the storm passed over, the sun shone and the world smiled again, as though being in

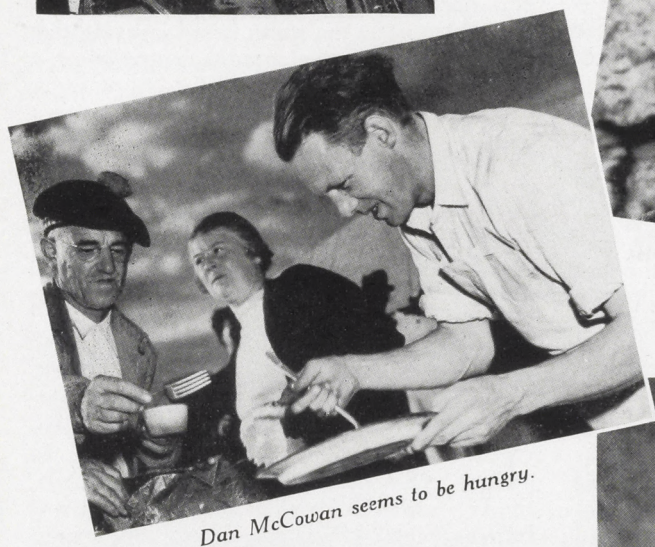
Betsy Struthers.



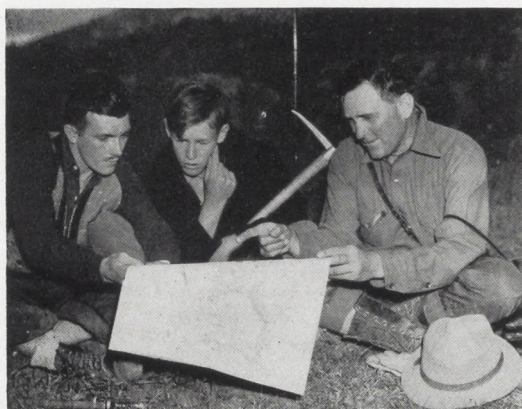
N. B. Sanson.



The Major has a nap.



Dan McCowan seems to be hungry.



Charles Heideman, John Wheeler and W. L. Allen study the map.



Molly Sayers.

Photos by Nicholas Morant.



J. M. Wardle's photographic record of the stay-at-homes.

Mrs. and Col. P. A. Moore, Catherine Whyte, Carl Rungius, Peter Whyte and J. M. Gibbon.

the midst of searing lightning and crashing thunder were a fantasy”.

We had to ascend Tornado Peak again next day to finish some observations and had another experience, but a different one. I then saw what I had never seen before: A mountain run wild. It was a glorious summer day and we had not taken coats with us. The work completed we started to descend and had got some way down, when we heard a continuous, awe-inspiring roar below. A heavy belt of cloud was rapidly coming up towards us and it was from this the roar came. In a few moments we were enveloped in one of the heaviest hail storms I have ever experienced. We had little clothes on and no shelter, and simply had to take it. The hailstones, as big as marbles, gave plenty of punishment and brought forth cries for mercy. Luckily, I had a rucksack on my back and did not suffer as much as the others. The storm passed up and over and again the sun shone brightly, but what a scene: water-courses that, coming up, had been dry or mere trickles were now raging torrents; rockfalls and mud-slides were hurtling down in all directions; while flying stones and boulders made the descent one of dangerous uncertainty. I had never before seen a mountain run wild and I could not have believe such a change from a peaceful calm to wild disorder possible. It is well named Tornado Peak.

My second experience of being in the midst of a thunder storm was on the summit of a sharp-pointed peak at the head of one of the sources of the Blaeberry River, not very far from Golden. It broke with great suddenness and was accompanied by a fierce blast of wind. I felt the whole top of the mountain shake. I could not believe it and turned to an assistant standing beside me in the comparative shelter of some vertical rocks. “Did you feel anything?” I inquired. “I should say I did” he replied. “The whole top shook.”

In front was an almost perpendicular drop of some 2000 feet to the valley floor below, and we stood there while the storm lasted, praying that we might not be carried into the depths below.

RAINBOWS

Everyone, no matter where seen, is interested in rainbows, but surely for splendour of colouring and variety there is no place like the mountains. Called a bow, it is really a circle of the prismatic colours of the spectrum. Twice I have seen it a perfect circle. The first time while in the valley of Tornado Peak when at a photographic station directly across from it. A passing shower acted as a medium and the sun behind did the rest. It was a huge double circle: inside, the vivid rainbow and outside, the reflection, quite brilliant, but not so vivid as the original. Directly in the centre, in silhouette, standing out in bold relief, showed the mass of Tornado Peak. It was a wonderful and impressive picture.

In the Canyon near the mouth of Moose River, close to its junction with Fraser River, not far west of the Yellowhead Pass, is a circular expansion of the rock sides. Here, the stream catapults over a ledge in a wild white-water leap, creating a swirling whirlpool and filling the canyon with shifting clouds of spray.

One day, standing on a point of rock above it, watching the fierce commotion below, I counted six baby rainbows playing around in this rock-bound cirque. I say “playing around” advisedly, for, as the clouds of spray shifted about, so did the little rainbows. I named it Rainbow Canyon.

Nearer home, at the head of Upper Bow Lake, the stream from the Bow Glaciers flows in a very narrow canyon, so narrow that at one point a single great boulder, fallen from the heights above,

spans the crack through which the torrent flows and forms a natural bridge. Close by there is a pocket in the canyon with a waterfall at its upper end. If you climb down to a ledge in the side of the pocket you are practically enclosed by the over-hanging rocks, with only one small opening for daylight to enter. Should the sun then come opposite this opening, a small vivid rainbow spans the pocket, filled with misty spray from the waterfall. One of my childhood's beliefs was that, if you got to the end of a rainbow, you would find a pot of gold. Alas! my belief was shattered, for the end of the little rainbow rested on my feet, but there was no pot of gold.

SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN

Undoubtedly one of the most interesting meteorological phenomena is the Spectre of the Brocken, as so called in the Hartz mountains of Germany. It requires a bank of moist cloud in front and the sun in the same plane behind. Under such conditions, seldom met with, the observer's shadow is depicted on the cloud bank in the centre of a circle of the prismatic colours of the rainbow. This is called the "Brocken Bow" and the colours are faint or vivid and your shadow large or small according to whether the cloud bank is distant or close to you.

I have only seen it twice, once close at hand and once far away, when my shadow assumed the proportions of a giant. The first time was

on Sentinel Mountain, overlooking the prairies of Alberta. With an assistant, an Irishman from Cork, I was on a broad shelf of rock, a very steep drop of some 1500 feet in front. A bank of cloud appeared from nowhere along the edge of the shelf, as clouds have a way of doing. You could stretch out your arm and touch it. The sun was sinking in the west. Suddenly, a circular rainbow appeared on the cloud bank, about a yard in diameter and some six feet away. In the centre of the circle each of us could see his own shadow as a sharply defined black manikin. The Irishman was greatly intrigued. He danced an impromptu jig; so did his shadow. He took his hat off to it: The shadow courteously responded. He made a contemptuous gesture; so did his double: and then he said, "Begorra that's foine! I wonder would it go away if ye threw a sthونه at it;" and then he added, "I must write home and tell them about that; but", pathetically, "Shure no one would belave me, only me mother." I do not think such a close exhibit would occur more than once in a lifetime, and then only to a very few.

The foregoing are only a few occurrences of personal experience. The science of meteorology applies to icefields and glaciers and to the effects of frost and water erosion in shaping mountain forms and their valleys, and in building up terrain, but the subject then becomes a very wide one and requires much study.



The Fairy of the Rock on the Ptarmigan Trail.

Photo by Nicholas Morant.

*Rehearsal for the Evening
Sing Song.*



*The Divertys
find a
fire
welcome.*



*George Fisher and his
guitar.*

Photos by Nicholas Morant.



The Ptarmigan Nightingales.



Louis Crerar, J. M. Gibbon and Frances James discuss the programme for the Pow Wow.



Mrs. Dean Robinson tells a Scotch story.



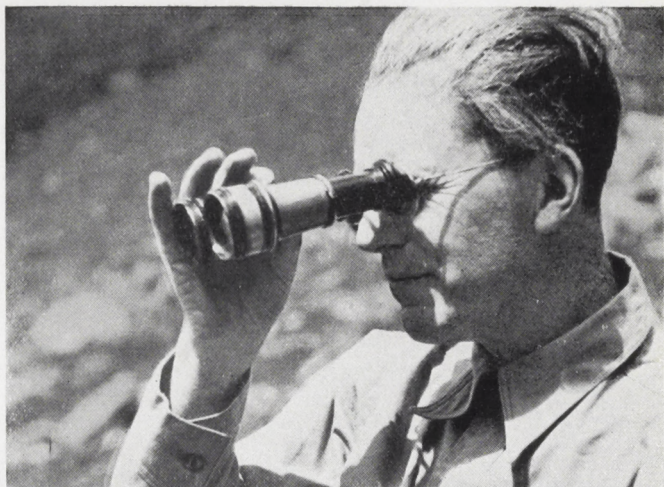
Left: — Sun Dance Lodge for the Pow Wow near Lake Louise Station.

Photos by
Nicholas Morant.

SAM WARD, PRESIDENT

On the unanimous recommendations of the Nominating Committee, Sam Ward was appointed President of the Sky Line Trail Hikers for the ensuing year, in succession to Dan McCowan, who consented to retain his office of Western Secretary.

Sam Ward and his genial wife have been consistent supporters of the organization since its inception, and his story contributions to the evening campfire meetings



Top: — Sam Ward, the new President scans the horizon.

Photo by Peter Whyte



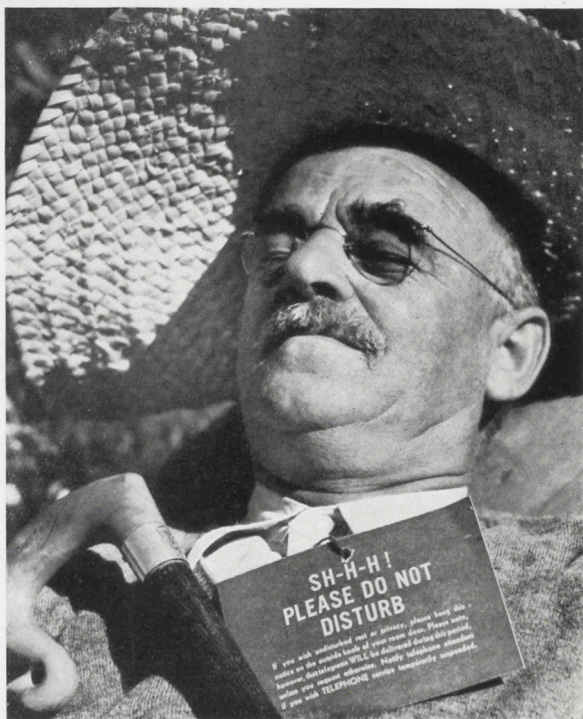
Left: — Good Cheer in the Grub Tent.

Below: — Dan McCowan, Ex-President takes a well-earned rest.

are always most acceptable. There is some possibility that Sam may remove his winter domicile from Banff to Victoria, B.C., but in admitting this he stated that his heart would remain in the Rockies, and that he had every hope of being at the Camp with Mrs. Ward next year.

To the list of Vice-Presidents we welcome the name of Marshall H. Diverty, whose never-failing good humour and friendly spirit are combined with a genuine love of the outdoors and of the trails through Alpine meadows. Mr. Diverty is a Trail Rider as well as a Sky Line Trail Hiker, and has an unusually wide knowledge of the Canadian Rockies.

Owing to her knowledge of wild flowers and nature lore, Mrs. Dan McCowan has given invaluable service to her fellow hikers, and her election as Vice-President has been much applauded.





Sky Line Trail Hikers

OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Certificate of Life Membership

Whereas _____ has qualified for Life Membership under Section 6 of Article 6 of the By Laws which reads

Members holding qualification of 50 miles and upwards may compound their paid and future dues by payment of \$10.00 which shall absolve them from further payment of annual dues, and include a Life Membership Certificate upon the additional payment of \$1.00 but shall not exempt them from special dues or assessments should such be considered necessary.

This Certificate is granted to the above mentioned member who has fulfilled all the necessary conditions
No _____

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President

The new Life Membership Certificate for the Sky Line Trail Hikers designed by R. H. Palenske.

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